clothed his real feelings that I couldn't make out anything sincere or fundamental in his words. For each of his decisions he insists on furnishing a noble motive; he succeeds in persuading himself that that noble thought, which he goes out of his way to exhibit, was the original cause of his deed — even if it were to bring in a fifty-percent interest.

"He is the first one taken in by what he says," Em. says to me, and I add:

"*I* don't want to be the second one."

And it is through his weaknesses, inconsistencies, and shortcomings that he gets himself liked in spite of everything; his best friends are just those who take him least seriously.

He accompanies me to the boulevard Saint-Germain, where we take a cab to go to the rue d'Assas, to Jean Schlumberger's, where the meeting of the *N.R.F.* is being held. Griffin had just left. I find still there Ruyters, Gh6on, Lanux, Gallimard, Bertaux, Alain-Fournier, Duhamel, Vfldrac, Pilon, Fargue, etc. Conversation broken up in little groups.

After dinner I busy myself copying into a notebook the list of subscribers to the N.R.F.

Morning spent at the office of the *Revue* with Riviere and Gheon. Afternoon spent almost entirely in insignificant correspondence. This evening I go to pick up Copeau at the P.L.M. station (back from Annecy-Talloires, where he had gone to give an expert opinion on the canvases that Besnard has brought back from India).

Thursday

Copeau's assurance and calm exaltation were a tonic to me. He left me Tuesday morning to pick up Miomandre, who was to introduce him to Suares. I went to lunch at the Th^os* with Verhaeren and Marianne Delacre, who after lunch sang various melodies of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Mozart, which I accompanied. Good conversation about Dickens. At three o'clock Copeau comes to get

me; we have to make a rapid decision about Suares. We agree to do everything to make him join us; and this everything still seems very little to us. Copeau goes back to see Suar&s the evening of the same day to make him the N.R.F/S offer—which our *condattiere* accepts with very moving joy and gratitude, Copeau tells me.[14]

Copeau, who has dined at his mother's, comes back in the evening and we stay up late correcting the proofs of his review and reading the

[14] The first part of Suar&s's *Voyage du Condotti&re* began to appear in 1911, recounting the travels in Italy of the imaginary modern *condottiere* Jan-F61ix Caerdal, who is obviously the author himself.